

### MODERN OLD MAIDS.

They are Jolly and Good-Natured, and Dressed in Exquisite Taste.

According to the idea of things which prevailed not very long ago, the woman who did not marry was disgraced. It did not matter whether she remained single from choice or necessity; for since it was considered a woman's only manifest and unalterable destiny to marry, she of course, became disgraced if she did not do this. And though she may have refused many offers of marriage, or have had the most imperative duties of any sort, or developed the most decided talents for some vocation in life other than marriage, she would still have been disgraced if she did not do this.

For the condition of things then in literature and mind of the people in general the typical "old maid" was always pictured as gaunt, angular, and forbidding in appearance, as having a frightened and disappointed being; having pale and pained looks, with a species of grudge against love-making and lovers, since they reminded her of her own vanished youth and the opportunities which she never had, had, having lost them.

But we have changed all that in these later days. With the education of women and the broadening of their opportunities in every way their destinies have broadened also. A girl is still, perhaps, compelled first to marry, at least, for her that she should be provided for her marriage can be a happy and suitable one. But if from her own choice, or a necessity arising from a lack of appreciation on the part of the other and more especially from the want of means and of her day what some call an "unclaimed blessing," she is no longer considered, from this circumstance alone, a failure and an unhappy creature. She is no longer confined to a life of dependence in the house of others for a score of vacations are open to her, any one of which she may win a livelihood or even competence. Consequently she commands respect, and, far from being a subject of contempt or pity, she is now, in the object of open or secret envy on the part of most of her married acquaintances.

And so it has come about that the typical old maid of former times has passed away, and in the literature of today we find no type corresponding to the facts of the case and different from the old. The modern old maid is not angular and forbidding in appearance, but plump and pleasing. She is not gaunt and ill-tempered, but jolly and good-natured, a trait that makes her the best of company. As she has never had the absorbing care that comes with marriage, and has no family of sons and daughters growing up about her, she has the right of privacy, her manners forged by the love of old and young people, and as one of themselves, when good times are being planned; while in the matter of lovers and love making she has had that experience which makes her simply lovely. She is a widow, and her home and site is the repository of all the secrets of this sort which exist within the range of her acquaintance. She dresses in exquisite taste, she gets a ping dog or a white cat, a gold or beaded or wintery-colored fashion, and is idolized by her family, especially her young nephews; has hosts of admirers, but is discreet and properly personified; is the guiding spirit in orphan schools, hospital fairs, associated charities, and the like. She is a good worker, and, in short, lives up to the end of her days a happy, useful, well-constituted existence.—*Alcazar Telegraph*.

**A KENTUCKY CHARACTER.**

Anecdotes of an Old Bridgeman.

One of the characters in the house is Gen. Welford, of Kentucky. When he is at home he wears an old flannel shirt and pants striped about his waist. When he goes to town he finds it hard to change his costume and puts on a white shirt and black clothes. At first he was averse to this, but some friend bought him a black suit. He has worn it ever since, and this is his second term.

"I remember when Lotta Crabtree first appeared in this city. She used to play a Banjo and dance tig at Gilbert's Melodeon at the corner of Kearny and Clay streets and got \$6 a week. I think that was in 1854 or 1855. She went to Virginia in 1860, and made a hit. Twenty dollar gold pieces were showered on the stage for her benefit. My charges are now a hack driver were \$50 a day and all expenses paid. I would like to see that state of things again, and we would hear less complaint about capitalists and the like. Everybody was a capitalist in the old days, and it won't be long before we have it again."

"Wink-wink when you feel like it."

"Durned if I took you for a drink-in man."

"George, you ask me to be your wife—to give you my heart, my all. Think well what you say, and then tell me if you will grant me one small favor."

"Anything you ask, my love."

"Then promise me that you'll never smoke another cigar as long as you live."

"I promise, dear."

"And it doesn't cost you a pang?"

"Not a pang. I'd rather smoke a pipe anyhow."

Olio furnished the oldest surviving soldier of the late rebellion.

Comrade Charles Hanson, of the Soldier's Home at Dayton, who is now 96 years old. He was 72 years old when he enlisted, and was made color guard in the 74th Regiment Ohio Volunteers Infantry.

He was a soldier in the Mexican war, and was at Waterloo under Wellington.

Dakota Editor (to foreman)—

Are all the men ready?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Pistols and bowie knives in good shape?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Gatling gun loaded?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Then let the paper go to press.

Where was General Grosvenor when Senator Townsend bolted the caucus of his party?

Turkey owes Russia \$20,000,000 and can't pay the debt. Russia wants the cash and mus' have it. There's your Eastern question in a pure cap, and Russia is bound to have a leg of Turkey early in the Spring.

A male over sixty years old is owned by Aunt Nancy Honaker, of Louisville, Ky. It can't run from Kentucky over 60 years, and still carries living under a saddle and before a buggy.

"This is not all," said Gen. Welford, turning to the crowd in front of him.

"The General and his son, Forte and Fortress, and one beautiful moonlight night when the tide was low, they took him out and led him to the shore. The sea came in gradually, the waves swept over him, and he drowned, and they stood and heard his cries."

This was too much for Gen. Fry. Again he protested, and said that Gen. Davis was alive still, but the "written words" endorsed Gen. Welford, and seeing that he had no right to keep holding up Gen. Fry without a trial, Welford was elected by a round major.

Another story is told of Gen. Welford when he was trying a case in his native town of New Haven, Conn. His client had been charged with poisoning someone. The chemist for the state had testified to finding arsenic in the stomach of the deceased, and then Gen. Welford took the witness in hand.

"What do you know they were not?" asked the General.

"I don't say they were not." "That's funny. You say you found arsenic in the stomach? What you are certain about it?" "I don't know what he said."

"Could you swear that there were no arsenic in the stomach?" he asked.

"No, sir; because I did not look for arsenic."

"How did you know they were not?"

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### Flush Times in "Frisco."

The Statesman's Start in Life.

When Black Drivers Made \$50 a Day and Theatre Boxes Were \$120.

Col. Mike Brannigan, the celebrated guide and buckman of El Paso, Texas, is on a visit to this city. Mr. Brannigan and yesterday:

"I have come back to San Francisco for the purpose of seeing some of my old friends of the Argonaut days of 1849, that is as many of them as are alive. I can tell some interesting things about early times in this city. I owned and drove the first horse that ever rumbled over the country grocery store.

Ben Batterton used to be a plan-

ting boss in Virginia.

Civil Service Commissioner Oberly was a Chicago Times reporter.

Senator Cullum was famous as a珊瑚unker in early days in Illinois.

Senator Sawyer bought his time when eighteen years old, and was well, as very many others, would wish to see them back again.

Fenton, the multi-millionaire, was a chow boy on a farm in Erie county, New York.

John McShane, the millionaire

of Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny, I also.

There were good old days, and I am well, I suppose, as very many others, would wish to see them back again.

I saw \$1,200 paid for a box in Maguire's Theatre on the opening night of Catharine Hayes's season. A Limerick butcher at Sacramento paid \$1300 for a box when she went to the capital city to sing.

Darlington, Pennsylvania member, was a reporter in Philadelphia his dailies.

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